

THE PEACE OF SLEEP.

Refreshed and vigorous may I awake,
To bear the burdens of another day;
And wiser paths in Thy great vineyard
make,
That follow Christ more closely all the
way.

O may the peace that so pervades Sleep's
sphere
Hush storgs of strife, soothe Sorrow's
plaintive wail,
Heal wounded hearts and dry the flowing
tear,
So Love and Mercy with good cheer
prevail.

I thank the Love that rules this border
land,
Where blessed angels wait to serve; and
stay
To lead us gently on, with helpful hand,
O'er life's uneven, dark and toilsome
way.

Benevolent and sanitary land,
Where healing power these machines re-
pair,
Machines so long in use, complex and
grand;
Yet so abused, worn out, and wanting
care.

The Love Divine that broods o'er mystic
Sleep,
Which sweetly typifies our final rest,
Shines through the pearly gates, that
open keep,
Near Sleep's kind vestibule to mansions
blest.

So, tranquil now, I lay me down to
sleep,
And stick away from self, into Thy will,
Till morning dawn, no more to watch or
weep,
For one is softly breathing "Peace, be
still."

—Mrs. R. C. Mather, in Boston Transcript.

A MODERN HIGHWAYMAN

BY CLAUDE ASKEW.

CLARA Stanhope looked hard at her partner; he interested her and it was seldom a man did that. She had actually danced four times with Roger Meredith; it was quite against her strict code that now she was sitting out with him in a dark corner. It was the evening of the Medford ball; all the country was there—the big fish and the small fry; it was a gay and animated scene; curious glances were cast at Clara and her partner, for she was the big catch of the country. Little was known of Roger Meredith beyond the fact that he was a handsome scapgrace, and the bishop of Radford's nephew.

"He is almost a man I could care for," laughed Clara Stanhope to herself; "and what is there to prevent him liking me? I have youth, good looks and money, and I am tired of a lonely life; he may be a scamp—very likely he is, but I can afford to marry whom I would, and I like this man—hugely."

"I am leaving this section to-morrow morning," Roger Meredith's voice broke in suddenly on the girl's meditation; "so to-night will mean good-bye for many years, I am afraid. I am off to the far west."

"You are going abroad?"

"Yes—for some time. Hark! they are striking up a waltz. Shall we dance it together?"

"Impossible, Lady Halcross, who is chaperoning me—I am staying with her, you know—ordered the carriage at 2:30 sharp. It is nearly that now, and she hates to keep the horses waiting. I am afraid I must go and get my cloak. You will not be stopping with your uncle again before you go abroad?"

"No; so this is good-bye. I have barely known you for three weeks, Miss Stanhope, yet I can assure you that you are the only woman I have ever regretted saying good-bye to." His speech and manner were unconventional, but there was a ring of truth in his voice.

Clara Stanhope caught her breath; she realized that for the first time in her life a man had touched her heart. She found no pleasure in her maiden freedom and almost masculine independence; she became frankly primitive and wholly natural, crimsoning even to her brow, she asked slowly:

"Why should we say good-bye?"

"My friends call me a bad card; besides, I've fallen on evil ways. If I had met you earlier in my life—well, well, we are all pawns on Fate's chessboard; so good-night, Miss Stanhope—and good-bye."

"As you like, but remember if you ever care to see me again, I am 28, and my own mistress."

She gathered up the folds of her tulle ball gown and stood up, a tall and splendid specimen of young womanhood. She was brown-haired, with deep coloring; she carried herself superbly, and wore, as few women could, a magnificent tiara of emeralds—a famous Stanhope heirloom.

Roger Meredith caught her hands impulsively.

"If you were only a beggar girl, I'd take you abroad with me; out to a new life in the west."

"I might not go."

"Ah! but you would go." He dropped her hands, saying, as he turned away, "To each one his own destiny. I have met you a year too late."

"Have you?" She spoke in a clear, low voice, then moved forward, and in a few seconds was lost to sight. Roger Meredith followed her with his eyes till the crowd hid her from view, then he sighed shortly, and turned irritably on a nervous-looking, fair-haired man who was advancing to meet him and said:

"I thought you were never coming, Harry. Is my horse ready?"

"Yes; Jim is waiting with it in the shrubbery; it's almost time to start. Have you found out from the girl what time the Halcross carriage was ordered?"

"Yes, for 2:30; and it wants four minutes now."

"We are in luck to-night, Roger. Lady Halcross is wearing most of her diamonds. You will scoop an immense sum with the old lady's jewels, to say nothing of Clara Stanhope's emeralds."

"I cannot do it; I throw up the job."

"What! Showing the white feather at this hour? Besides, there's no risk, my dear boy! Who could recognize you in a crape mask, or suspect the bishop's nephew? There's not been a knight of the road in these quiet country lanes for the last 80 years. It will wake the good folk up—give them something to talk about!"

"D—the good people; it's a hateful job robbing women. I tell you I won't do it, Harry."

"You seem to have forgotten that women have pretty well robbed you. Also, that unless you can square old Levi within the next few weeks he will come down smartly on that young brother of yours. The youngster was a deuced fool to forge your father's signature, of course; still, you took him to see Vera, knowing her and her kind."

"I know I did. Well, he shall have the \$4,000 all right, and get back the bill. Cheer up, Harry, old man. I'm going to see the game through. Forget my momentary hesitation to become a scoundrel. I know it's impossible to raise the money in any other way, so here goes." And with a light, mocking laugh Roger Meredith turned on his heel, and his friend whistled softly.

The moon had gone in, and the dark country side seemed deserted; Lady Halcross's carriage rumbled safely along, her ladyship dozing happily, while her pretty debutante daughter and Clara Stanhope kept up an animated, if whispered conversation. After a while the younger girl ceased to prattle, her pretty head nodded in unconscious imitation of her mother's, but Clara Stanhope sat erect and upright, thinking new thoughts, dreaming new dreams.

"I shall meet him again," she thought; "and then—"

Her reverie was suddenly interrupted.

The click of a revolver resounded through the country lane, and the forgotten cry of a past century. "Your money or your life," roused sleepy James and the easy-going old coachman to a state of cringing terror.

A highwayman seemed to have started out of the hedge. The carriage lamps revealed that he was tall and thin; he wore a crape mask and a riding cloak, and carried himself with an assumed swagger.

"Hands up, my good men, or I fire! Now, ladies, while I cover the servants with my revolver, I am afraid I must ask you to step out of the carriage, and hand me your jewelry. I want all the valuables that you are wearing, and as I mean business and have no time to waste, I must have the jewels before I count ten, or—"

A horribly suggestive click of his revolver sent Lady Halcross flying out of the carriage with an agility remarkable in a stout and elderly chaperon.

"Take my diamonds, take them all, you wicked, cowardly man!" she sobbed, tearing off her gleaming, glittering gems. "Only spare our lives. Give him your pearls, Janet, my darling."

Poor Janet stood trembling by her mother's side, but as Lady Halcross spoke she put up her little shaking hand, and offered her pretty trinkets to the highwayman, who seemed to take them against his will.

"I suppose you want my jewels, too?" Clara Stanhope spoke, in imperious tones, and faced the assailant boldly. The two frightened women had slunk back into the carriage and were covering together; the coachman and footman on the box had their arms up, leaving the horses to chance and fate.

"I certainly do," was the stern, short answer.

"Then take them, thief!" As the girl spoke she held out her wonderful tiara and as the man seized the glowing green jewels she sprang at him like a young tigress, and half tore the crape mask from his face.

Then a sharp cry broke from her.

"I know you!" she cried. "Oh, I know you!"

Before she could say more she was struggling in the highwayman's grasp, and his hand was over her mouth.

"Can I trust you to keep silent—if I spare your emeralds?"

She nodded her head; and, as he removed his hand, "I will keep silent—on my honor," she whispered.

"Very well, take the stones." He handed her the jewels; then added, half under his breath, "I'm not robbing for my own sake."

It was doubtful if the girl heard him, for she had sprung back into the carriage.

The highwayman looked in, and as he met the look in Clara Stanhope's eyes, he realized what he had won and lost.

"Drive on you pair of frightened curs!" he cried to the coachman and footman, and the carriage rumbled swiftly away. Suddenly, above the sobbing of the women inside, he heard a cry, and the carriage window was flung open.

"Here, I don't want your bribe; take it."

A flash of green shot through the air, and Clara Stanhope's emeralds fell on the path. The highwayman left them there. People supposed afterward he had dropped them in his flight.

Lady Halcross never recovered her diamonds, and the mysterious highwayman was never discovered. The

detectives had many theories, and were quite certain who the man was. He had been wanted for some time, and was a notorious criminal, they said. Clara Stanhope used to smile when she heard them talking; but her smile was a very sad one.

And, out in Texas, Roger Meredith was learning to write his name on a clean slate, the name of an honest man, the memory of a girl's face ever with him, and her indignant cry ringing in his ears. The words Clara Stanhope spoke when she hurled her emerald tiara through the carriage window were branded upon his soul.

The life he lived was a hard one, but at least a clean one; he was alone for days, but the wild life of the ranch suited him, and the loneliness of the young country appealed to him. He liked to look at the stars at night and remember that they shone on the land of his birth; that the same noonday sun poured its rays on the old land and the new. He felt that he was done with his home forever; that he was exiled by his own deed from intercourse with the woman he still loved; but, all the same, he intended to work out a new life, for—well, perhaps for her sake, perhaps for his own, for his old life and old sins had grown distasteful to Roger Meredith. He knew there was something better in life than anything he had found yet, and he had a strange sort of feeling that Clara would understand one day the real Roger Meredith, understand and forgive him.

Clara waited at home, waited as women have to wait, keeping her love story to herself—her unbroken, unfinished love story.

She sometimes heard news of Roger through the bishop of Radford, who delighted to speak of his nephew to a sympathetic listener.

"Getting on splendidly, my dear, splendidly. Put his shoulder to the wheel at last. Ah! I always said there was good stuff in Roger. Texas is making a man of him."

Clara used often to go and lunch at the bishop's residence and talk to the old man. She was very fond of the bishop, but not even to herself would she confess that she still cared for the bishop's nephew—the highwayman, the thief. One day she heard a piece of news that colored her face, and set her heart beating wildly.

"My nephew Roger has had to come home. My brother is not at all well, and he wanted to see Roger again before he died. The dear boy arrived last week; he will be staying here for a night or two soon, so you must dine with us, Clara, and meet him."

"He's been turning over a new leaf, my dear," he said, gently, "it's a great comfort to me, Clara, a great comfort; and God bless you for it, my child, if it's your work."

Clara said nothing; what was there to say? She privately determined not to dine with the bishop; but of course, she went.

She found a very different Roger from the man she had parted from nearly five years ago; and Roger noticed that some of the freshness of youth had left Clara's face, to be replaced by a softer, sweeter look. The hard, brilliant girl had softened into a tolerant and merciful woman.

Roger flushed under his bronze as he touched Clara's hand; she noticed the shame in his eyes, and her heart bled for him.

"I am very glad to meet you again," she said very slowly, looking steadily at him; "very glad, indeed."

"I do not deserve this," was his low answer.

Somehow, after dinner—how it happened neither Clara nor Roger was ever quite aware—the two found themselves alone in a small inner parlor, the other guests having congregated in the larger room, where singing was going on.

Roger looked at the woman he loved, the woman he should love to the end of his days, and an intense desire came to him to tell her the truth, to let her know he had not robbed for his own sake, and so redeem himself ever so little in her eyes.

"I want to tell you something, Miss Stanhope," he said in low tones. "Will you hear me? It's quite a short story."

Clara inclined her head silently. She looked at the man as he stood up in front of her, and she knew whatever his faults were that she loved him, loved him as only a strong woman could. What was he going to tell her? She could not trust herself to speak.

In a few words Roger Meredith explained why he had stolen the jewels. "The boy was saved by my theft," he finished, in a whisper; "and my brother runs straight enough now. He has had his lesson."

A long pause followed. Clara looked at Roger. His eyes were fixed on her, but he said nothing.

"Why have you told me this story?" She tried to speak calmly.

"Because I love you—forgive a thief for his presumption. Clara—Miss Stanhope, I return to Texas next month; say you forgive me before I go. I shall never see you again after to-night. Say you understand ever so little—"

Clara interrupted him.

"Do you still want my emeralds?"

Roger flushed to his eyes.

"I beg your pardon—well, perhaps I deserve that speech."

"I accompany my emeralds," murmured Clara.

"Clara, my dear, you don't mean—oh, no, it is impossible. I'm not worth your love."

"Perhaps not," was Clara Stanhope's answer; "but you have it all the same." Then she added, shyly, "Don't you want to keep it?"

Roger gave her the best answer to her question.—N. Y. Weekly.

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The Comforter.
"Cheer up, old man! I know you're in hard luck, but just wait till the clouds roll by."
"Very fine advice, but what are the movements of the clouds to me?"
"Well, er—er—oh, yes, you may get a view of the silver lining as they pass."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

True Sympathy.
Tom—Why so melancholy, old man?
Jack—Miss Jones rejected me last night.

Tom—Well, brace up, there are others.
Jack—Yes, of course; but somehow I can't help feeling sorry for the poor girl.—Chicago Daily News.
"I had a sort of bargain vacation," remarked Thinman.
"Get off cheap, eh?"
"No; went away weighing 130 pounds and came back tipping the scales at 128."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

They Had and They Would.
Paterfamilias—And could you support my daughter, sir?
Her Lover—I have two strong arms.
Paterfamilias—But can they support her?
Her Lover—They often have, sir.—Tit-Bits.

After the Goods.
The summer girls are all the same,
Of rings they now have heaps;
For love with them is but a game
At which they play for keeps.
—Puck.

PRACTICALLY A SECRET.



"I suppose your engagement to the baroness is still a secret?"
"Yes, only my most intimate creditors know of it."—Fliegende Blätter.

Changed His Luck.
Then there is Zephaniah Ware,
Who wishes he'd ne'er been born.
He made a fortune in liquid air
And spent it for liquid corn.
—Chicago Tribune.

A Stupid Fellow.
Flaherty—He's not smart at all, at all, is he?
Flanigan—Smart? Faith, he's that dumb ye could talk behind his back right before his face, an' he'd not know it.—Philadelphia Record.

His Method.
Madge—What method of courtship does he use?
Prue—Oh, he affects to have found the only girl in the world who understands him.—Detroit Free Press.

He Was Wise.
Touchleg—Say, Coiner, I'd like to have a short talk with you.
Coiner—It's no use, Touchleg, I haven't got a dollar in my clothes.

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Just Like a Man.

Mr. Munitions—What do you want of a yacht? I could never see any pleasure in yachting.
Mrs. Munitions—That is just like you; you think of nothing but pleasure.—Town Topics.

Variety to Choose From.

"Yes," said the returned fisherman, "I got a lot of big bites while I was gone."
"Fish, snake or mosquito?" inquired the cynical chap.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Preliminary Excavating.

"How is that gold mine of yours out west getting along?"
"All right, I hope. The superintendent writes me that when the stockholders have dug up about \$15,000 more he'll go to digging."—Chicago Tribune.

What He Meant.

"Did you see that girl that just passed here with Charley? Well, he calls her a dream."
"Oh, now I see what he meant when he said he had an awful dream."—N. Y. Journal.

Of Course.

"I've been calling for you for ten minutes, Jane—didn't you hear me?"
"Oh, yes, mum—but you said if anyone calls, you weren't in—so I thought you were out, mum."—Ally Sloper.

A Common Variety.

Young Doctor—Which kind of patients do you find it the hardest to cure?
Old Doctor—Those who have nothing the matter with them.—Judge.

Her Preference.

Clara—Don't you like to get out in the woods on your knees where you can examine the beauties of nature?
Maud—I'd rather get on some one else's knees.—Detroit Free Press.

Unlike the Machine.

"Do you think the flying machine will ever be practical?"
"It's hard to say. The idea has been in the air a long time."—N. Y. Times.

Out of His Line Now.

"Whatever became of your teacher of harmony?"
"Oh, he gave that all up. He's married now."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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